

many men, distinguished by the exceptional activity of their minds, who have left large families. Occasionally they may have survived their children, as in the case of that untiring worker, Victor Hugo, but none the less, even if they have had the grief of losing both sons and daughters, they have known the happiness of paternity.

That a craving for such happiness should have become intense in a man like Zola, with all the emotional tendencies of his temperament, was natural, perhaps fatal. It was one of the sufferings that made him seek a refuge in steady, all-absorbing work, and for years, by immersing himself in his task, he contrived to dull his pain and silence all the suggestions of a rebellious nature. G-oncourt, one day after returning from a visit to M[^]dan, jotted down in his diary some remarks about the gloom, the emptiness of that spacious abode. There were plenty of dogs, but there were no children, and children were necessary to such a home. It is evident that G-oncourt with his keen penetration had divined the secret grief of its master and mistress. But years rolled on, and hopes first fondly cherished, then clung to with despairing tenacity, remained unfulfilled. The moralist will say undoubtedly that resignation was the one right course, but human nature seldom resigns itself willingly to anything, and certainly Zola's nature was not one to do so. As he approached his fiftieth year it began to

assert itself,
as Goncourt shows us in another passage of
his "Journal";
and then, after long years of battling, however
strong the
spirit might still be, the flesh finally
triumphed over it.

It is unnecessary to review what the Bible
and Buekstone,
Taylor and Kent, Montesquieu and Potier have
to say re-
specting the violation of the marriage vow, and
the distinc-